The Sundays

I Feel

I feel fine... Don't wake me up yet O the young & the old they get everything & it's my turn I'm here, I'm someone to know I'm calling the tune but

I'm losing the words Laughingly I take the fevered applause Of the people by the riverside I'm walking, walking on water God knows why I'm losing the words I am a man Well nearly Celebrate life, be good to yourself

Don't wake me like that I was dreaming & I'd rather carry on Give me a love & hate on both my hands I'll show you what I'm made of Wasting my breath when I say that

Don't wake me like that I was dreaming & I'm tired of everyone Here's hoping that you'll Go now so long leave me alone

Give me a love & hate on both my hands I'll show you what I'm made of Wasting my breath when I say that Love hates A pair of hands That's where I began Just be good, good to yourself

I feel fine Don't wake me up yet 'cause I feel tired Don't be like that We don't need to work any more now Open that ground up and slip down